

THE  
BOSTONIAD:

GIVING A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE

PRINCIPAL ESTABLISHMENTS,

TOGETHER WITH THE MOST

Honorable and Substantial Business Men,

IN THE ATHENS OF AMERICA.

ALSO, CONTAINING

THE GREAT PRIZE POEM ON DANIEL WEBSTER!

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BY THE HON. JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.

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“Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.”—OVID.



BOSTON:  
PUBLISHED UNDER UNIVERSAL PATRONAGE.

1853.

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1925. Lidstone

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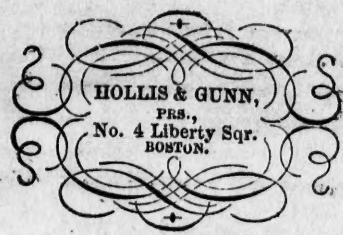
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HOLLIS & GUNN,  
PRS.,  
No. 4 Liberty Sqr.  
BOSTON.

# THE BOSTONIAD.

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TO THE  
HON. BENJAMIN SEAVER,

*Mayor of the City of Boston. To the first man in the  
Metropolis of New England, I have much pleasure  
in dedicating the following Poem.*

"Intaminatis fulget honoribus."—HOR.

"Sterling worth and virtue in persons of eminent place and dignity  
are seated to great advantage, so as to cast a lustre upon their very  
place, and by a strong reflexion, double the beams of majesty."—  
ARCHBISHOP TILLITSON.

*Sermon, Folio Edition, London, 1695, p. 45.*

May every hope by you be won—by men and angels blest,  
Be many years the favored son of the Athens of the West,  
The well beloved, for every voice its willing anthems raise,  
And every listner will rejoice to hear their Chieftain's  
praise.

Let Boston flourish free and fair—and in the day I leave  
her,

I'll pour on high my warmest prayer, for her and thee,  
Mayor Seaver.

\* \* \* \* \*  
So now arrayed in regal power,  
May blessings in ethereal shower  
Deluge your soul, for truth renowned,  
And scatter mercies all around,  
And late, full late, may you arise,  
And bloom afresh in Paradise;  
While your good name, from age to age,  
Shall decorate our history's page,  
And adding splendors to my song,  
The poet's fame itself prolong.

## BOSTON:

*Written for Governor Everett.*

"She sits like an Ocean Queen,  
With a tira of proud towers,"

By the Atlantic Borders Boston stands,  
The beacon light of far surrounding lands,  
A mirror, where all ages do reflect.  
At one broad glance, triumphant intellect,  
Mark her upon thy ever rolling page,  
Great Ocean! Fairer Athens! of a later age—  
Here let her stand a monument of arts and peace,  
And revel in the lights of Rome and Greece.  
( The seat of Learning and the throne of Arts,  
The abode of beauty and of manly hearts.)  
Yes! Athens of the West! thy Towers arise,  
Like northern lights to my enraptured eyes,  
Thy monuments and palaces afar.  
Seem fairy world or new discovered Star,  
Thy bowers and Avenues, where learning strays,  
Bear back my soul to Academias' days,  
Thy Colleges, where worth has found a home,  
Reflect the lights of early Greece and Rome,  
Thy thronged Streets and most resplendant Stores,  
Call back to memory Tyre and Zidon ancient shores,  
Crown'd with eternal light, forever blest,  
Forever bear the palm Athens of th' West!  
Commerce for you shall spread its snowy sails,  
On every sea and woo their various gales,  
Science shall flourish and the Arts revive,  
Genius shall bask in sunbeams which shall give  
Its light to distant centuries—and while  
You o'er the night of other nations smile,  
Your country's flag, embleming out the sky,  
Shall o'er many races, climes and ages fly.

## A NEW POEM;

*Written for President Gardner, of the City Council,  
and dedicated to Abbot Lawrence.*

“ Above the rest proudly eminent,  
Stood like a Tower.”

CECROPIA was in ages gone,  
The pride of early Greece,  
( So Boston is the modern throne  
Of all the Arts and Peace,)  
Her Towers, where reared on summits high,  
To clear the swelling sea,  
So factions flood, mays’t thou defy,  
And be forever *free*.  
Nine ARCHONS held a glorious sway,  
In Majestacy rare,  
So Boston has in later day—  
Eight Aldermen—and Mayor.  
Athenians oft did signalize  
Themselves with valour true,  
And bid each Art and Science rise,  
Up to their Nation’s view—  
Lo! Marathon and Salamis,  
Lo! *Platea* and *Mycale*—  
Did Boston ever rival this,  
Yon COLUMN tells the *tale*,\*  
The dazzling splendour of those souls  
That glorified her race,  
Long as the Sun or Ocean rolls,  
Immortal annals grace.  
Surrounding nations gazed at times,  
On monument and dome,  
And genius, rare from many climes,  
Made Athens still its home;  
On Athens, too, auspicious fates  
Oft smiled with fond delight,  
And all around the neighboring States  
Borrowed from her their light,

\*Bunker Hill,

So the Bard, to win a laurel crown,  
 ( By Corporations sent,) Choose Boston for its high renown,  
 From all the continent— Should accident by flood or fire,  
 Level your towers amain— Some THEMISTOCLES—God inspire  
 To rear them up again. Should luxury and intemperance,  
 Through all your halls extend, Some DRACO's spirit drive it hence,  
 Some SOLON prove your friend. Should the time come—Heaven forbid  
 When tyranny shall rage, May Boston do as Athens did—  
 Back far in Phillip's age. Athens! renowned for giving birth  
 To minds that worlds adorn,  
 So men, the glory of the earth,  
 Have been in BOSTON born.

Cic. ad. Attic. in Verr. &c.—Thucyd. 1, &c.—Justin. 2, &c.—Diod. 18, &c.—Elian. V. H. 4, 6.—Plin. 7, 56. Xenoph. Memorab.—Plut. in vitis, &c.—Strab. 9, &c. Paus. 1, &c.—Val. Max.—Liv. 31, &c.—C. Nep. in Milt. &c.—Polyb.—Patercul.

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JOHN A. CUMMINGS, M. D.,  
 SURGEON DENTIST,

(*Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and Member of the Boston Medical Association.*)  
 DENTAL ESTABLISHMENT, 23 TREMONT ROW,  
*Opposite the Museum,—up stairs,—Boston.*

“Look to Nature, up to Nature's God.”

Foremost of all the DENTISTS of this land  
 Pre-eminent does DR. CUMMINGS stand,  
 Courted by all the greatest and the best  
 Of Families—in the ATHENS of the West—  
 Well might the Doctor Fame and Fortune gain,  
 His winning ways make you forget the pain;  
 Why wonder that prosperity should fan  
 His fair career—a perfect gentleman.

(Reprinted at the universal request of my patrons, and now  
dedicated to his son FLETCHER.)

## DANIEL WEBSTER.

*University First Prize Poem.*

BY THE HON. JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.

*"The Poem shall be written on some eminent living personage, and each student may choose his own hero; two mottoes—one Latin, and one from any other language, to be translated for the occasion."—FROM THE CHANCELLOR'S ANNUAL ADDRESS.*

*"Semper honos, nomemque tuum, laudesque manebunt."—VIRGIL.*

*"Where'er the great man's morth demands the skies,  
To crown that worth, some generous bard shall rise."*

LUIS DE CAMPOS Lustad, Book 5th.

Proceed fond youth[s], you still may strive in vain,  
To parallel my hero or my strain;  
Although your songs flow like peccid streams  
Through fairy-land, (seen in the poet's dreams,)  
Where buds and blossoms and perennial flowers,  
Eternal fragrance shed 'round Amaranthine bowers;  
Or sweet as birds that tuned the heavenly lay,  
Thro' orient climes in Eden's early day—  
Or classic flood that roll'd thro' ancient lands,  
Its medicinal waters over golden sands,  
'Tis borrowed lustre from my hero's fame,  
That lights my soul and aids my ardent flame—  
Gives all the radiant grandeur to my song,  
And shall the Western poet's fame itself prolong  
Niagara, turn in columns to the sky,  
Chain Etna down or bid Olympus fly—  
Attempt to hurl the Almighty's thunders back,  
Or stay the Lightnings in their blazing track!  
In vain you strive,—and thus you strive in vain,—  
To parallel my Hero or my strain.

*"Arms and the man," so often sung of yore,  
Have passed away, and now inspire no more,  
The booming thunders of triumphant war,  
Echo alone in ancient annals far,  
No murderous ensigns float along the west—  
No high heraldic boast or dancing crest—  
No nations sigh, no empires dying groans,  
Rise from moving mountains piled from bones,  
Which stand amidst the stream of human blood,  
Like whitening islands in a crimson flood.  
To other themes I strike the immortal lyre,  
While all the ARTS that humanize inspire,  
Be all the scenes of this late age enrolled,*

And I transcend the mightiest bards of old—  
 Wet with Niagara's spray I plume my wing,  
 And towards thy SUN celestial science spring—  
 The dew from pinions shook so near thy blaze,  
 Forms the bright rainbow of my hero's praise.  
 Hark ! hallelujahs of a mighty race—  
 The jubilee of nations ! how they grace  
 With song and triumph—see the stamp of fate,  
 Second creator of Mankind's estate.  
 Mountains fell tributary, oceans ran  
 Before the genius of our mighty man ;  
 Through clouds and tempests oft encompassed wide—  
 His eagle mind with energy supplied  
 The springs of power that shook and rent  
 Nature's dominion on this Continent ;  
 " But envy still a foe to worth will prove,  
 To worth though guarded by the arm of Jove."—  
 Sometimes like Abdiel he stood alone,  
 But still in his original brightness shone.  
 A mariner on life's dark sea afar,  
 With eyes still fixed upon the Polar Star,  
 That was to guide him to the headland, where—  
 Planting his standard in the purer air,  
 It might o'er new established empires fly,  
 Picturing the splendors of his native sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

(Heraldic bearings would his glories mar,  
 He was himself the ORDER and the STAR.)  
 Long may the wonder of the world be heard  
 And seen—ILLUSTRIOUS ONE—where you appeared  
 Like Uriel, oft amidst a recreant band ;  
 Heaven's standard bearer to your native land.  
 Like Ocean's realm which nature's law surrounds,  
 You kept the mountain tide within its bounds.  
 When politics the fiercest souls engaged,  
 And the red tempests, armed with fury, raged,  
 Your mighty mind did eloquence unfold,  
 Second to thunders that round Sinai roll'd,  
 Startling all Israel in the days of old.

\* \* \* \* \*

Intellect—the Archangels diadem—  
 Decks his brow—first of terrestial birth ;  
 He is a walking God upon the earth,  
 Messiah of his clime, and Saviour of this age.  
 Daylight of Poet's song and History's page,  
 Harmonious spirit, tuned to virtues high,  
 Sole representative of Deity.  
 His thoughts are deep as that abyss profound  
 That heard the Almighty maker's voice resound,  
 Ere all the world's existing at his word  
 Sprung radiant to the presence of the Lord ;  
 And mind exalted as Heaven's towers divine,  
 That to the resplendence of Jehovah shine.  
 Expansive as the rolling universe,  
 That with harmonious beams God's praise rehearse.  
 His thoughts are stars—and stars appear to me  
 Like golden sands stranding the ocean of eternity.  
 Guardian of all the rights of these far climes,  
 To thee they turn their eyes in stormy times ;  
 For, God-like Daniel Webster, without **THEE**  
 The Constitution's Ark would sometimes be,  
 A phantom ship upon a vapory sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

Aye ! like that firy column that in Desarts shone,  
 Lighting the pilgrim tribes in ages gone,  
 Your soul resplendant clears away the night,  
 And lighting the march to Empire, takes its flight.  
 Who would attempt with slander to disgrace  
 Thee! primest ornament of human race ?  
 They should have been in other planets born,  
 Worn horrid shapes in dismal climes forlorn,  
 Gave reptiles birth, lived through a dreary dream,  
 No God to guard them, no Messiah to redeem.  
 What deathless lays—what fadeless laurels crown  
**THEE**, the dear idol of a world's renown.  
 Great Orator ! whose all entrancing words  
 Drown the cannon's loud roar and clash of swords.  
 Great western luminary, each satelite  
 That glows in Senate, beams with borrowed light ;  
 For Daniel Webster,—Statesman,—light of centuries

Concentered in thy gorgeous spirit lies  
Enough to illuminate all history's rolls,  
Thro' a mellineum blank of mighty souls.  
Old Europe to Thee turns her wondering eyes,  
Thou pole star of great nations destinies !  
O'er Afric' and the Orient thy memory smiles,  
And lights the far coasts of the ocean Isles,  
Where fire, whirlwinds and tornadoes fly,  
With uptoss'd desarts thro' the tropic(s) sky,  
To where the floating iceberges do roll  
Fast by the frozen Alps of either pole.  
Here turn my heart-strings to *Molian* wires,  
My soul's rapt wings transform to Angel lyres,  
Till uncreated time—untraversed spheres,  
Caught by attraction, fill the waste of years ;  
These join with other worlds explored, advance  
With all their multitudes, and thus enhance  
The praises due by Heaven and Earth to him  
Bright incarnation of the Cherubim,  
Long as the rolling world on which he trod,  
Flames o'er the deep, we'll never want a God !  
Had'st thou been born in times and climes that lie  
Shrouded in mist of far Antiquity,  
To thee had Temples tower'd, and Altars blazed,  
**BRIGHT, IMMORTAL, to the GOD-HEAD** raised ;  
Discoverers thro' remotest nations—  
After thee had called, New Constellations !

\* \* \* \* \*

Friend of human life, gratitude with tears,  
O'er many lands and seas through following years,  
Shall spread thy name, by teeming millions blest,  
Loved of all nations ! splendor of the west !  
Aud fain would I believe when years no more  
Roll o'er the boundaries of the world's wide shore,  
In radiant realms far distant we shall find,  
Angels adore Thee, mighty monarch of the mind,  
Let but the days arrive when these glad eyes,  
And this warm heart with fondest extacies.  
Approach the God-like,—th' creator his Archetype—  
Then I from off my burning cheek will wipe

The tears of all my early youth away,  
 And like the morning of a new created day,  
 My spirit soaring over earth and sea,  
 With beams of harmony shall peal anew to THEE.

\* \* \* \* \*

(Here follows a long and beautiful poetical biography.)

Hail muse ! the deathless splendor of his name,  
 Engrave in characters of vestal flame ;  
 Mountains stand monuments—seas, mirrors of his fame.  
 Let love for him your warmer hearts engage,  
 Embryo millions ! down through every age ;  
 'Till blazing stars at the last day of doom,  
 In dreadful pomp light nature to its tomb.

— 0 —

ON THE DEATH OF

DANIEL WEBSTER.

*Written for Hon. George Lunt.*

BY THE HON. JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.

“ Hung be the Heavens with black, &c.” — WM. SHAKSPEARE.

Suspended be the music of the spheres,  
 Droop wings of time through many mournful years,  
 Art thou dead ? Yes ! and the shock has rent,  
 As with volcanic might, the continent.  
 Who now within our hearts shall fill the throne,  
 Which, here, deserted, desolate and lone,  
 Lost to the darling—brightest son of time,  
 Stands like a fabric in a ruined clime ?  
 We fain would call thee back to earth again,  
 With tears of agony, but that were vain.  
 The country mourns in every distant part,  
 Grief dries the life's blood of a nation's heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

And, is my hero dead ? my darling gone,  
 On whom so many years I dwelt upon,  
 And fondly hoped, that I a sight, should gain,  
 Of the great man, but ah ! I hoped in vain.  
 Sometimes in dreamy hours of youth, indeed,

Wand'ring by stormy floods, I'd think and read  
Of God-like men who dwelt in oother climes,  
Whose memories are the only records to these times;  
And I would say, HE lived in those far years,  
In some fair isle, or, perhaps, beyond the spheres.  
Sudden the truth would flash across my soul,  
Nor ages intervene, nor ocean roll  
Between me and my idol,—He lives now,  
And rears 'mongst sons of men his lofty brow.  
Then to no warrior old I homage pay,—  
No bloody hero taints my glowing lay;  
For men of peace my anthems shall arise,  
I'll win the laurel, and I'll bear the prize;  
“I fought and conquered” by the magic of the mind,  
And left competitors so far behind,  
That none was ever known to dare again,  
The Western Minstrel, or his matchless strain.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Is there no poet in this western clime,  
Whose spirit can outstrip the wings of time,  
Call ages back, and from their boundless flight,  
Rally the spheres to robe his soul with light?  
Then I, for one, will sing, though every ear  
Be shut, and nought but winds and waves should hear.  
Mighty Magician of the wondrous West,  
Wizard of this New World—art thou at rest?  
Are thy immortal powers and radiant brow,  
Now mouldring in the dreary mansions low?  
Hark, I saw his spirit soar away,  
With hosts of Heaven, in angelic array.  
Up! like the MORN of an eternal day,  
I watched him still, with dazzled eyes afar,  
Rushing in brightness on from star to star;  
His winged form with braided rainbows hung,  
Back on ten thousand spheres fierce splendors flung.  
Blinded by aerial floods, I saw no more,  
When once he reached the far Chrystalline shore,  
Where all the sons of glory went before.  
He heeds you not, nor the giant piles you rear,  
Though these may well his attributes declare.

His God-like deeds as mountains firm will stand,  
His monument throughout his native land,  
Your standard's stars, as onward ages roll,  
Shall e'er beam forth the grandeur of his soul.  
Niagara! Nature's Orator! thy tongue,  
In rapid eloquence his praise prolong;  
Mirror his lofty fame, ye inland seas,  
Ye forests, bow before the sighing breeze,  
'Till Sol's chariot with Neptune's coursers hurled,  
Rush thro' electric tempest o'er a ruined world.

\* \* \* \* \*

I thought that I would tread that distant shore,  
Near where the Pilgrim Fathers trod of yore,  
To see the wond'rous man, whom I adore;  
And here I am *at last*—alas! I'm come,  
Yes! near four thousand miles away from home;  
And did you see HIM? no, for he was ill;  
But you may see him if you wait on still—  
Oh! never, th' splendor of the West is fled—  
My hopes are crush'd—the glorious Daniel's DEAD.  
Immortals never die! \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Reason did seem to abdicate her throne,  
In the dark hour I heard that you were gone,  
I still did hope new lively strains would start,  
To praise my idol in some counterpart,  
That health and happiness and length of days  
Were yours—but now those drear and solemn lays,  
That once like roses round my path should bloom,  
Transformed too, willows-weep above your tomb,  
Alas! my second Deity's laid low,  
Bleak countenances meet the Poet now,—  
I pine with weakness, and my heart is sore,  
Tears flow fast, and I can write no more.

## ALDERMAN CARY,

Agent for the NEW ENGLAND BANK NOTE Co., Office, 204 Washington Street, Boston. Customers in the New England States are respectfully requested to address their future orders to the *New England Bank Note Co.*, where every provision is made for their being executed in the same style as heretofore done by us.

RAWDON, WRIGHT, HATCH & EDSON.

“Engraved in characters that shall last, and tell their tale to posterity.”—Gov. EVERETT.

The famed NEW ENGLAND BANK NOTE COMPANY,  
Excels all this side the Atlantic Sea.

The specimens they thro’ the world have sent,  
Proved the glory and the wonder of this Continent.

### FOR ALDERMAN CARY.

“The strength and beauty of his soul,  
Is the best gift of Heaven;  
A happiness that even above the smiles of  
Popularity ! exalts him; Nature’s favorite;”

[DR. ARMSTRONG.

All scenes thro’ life, with Edens charms delight,  
A long and blest posterity transmit your worth,  
With all that’s pure and beautiful and bright,  
In tides of human life, far o’er the earth.

## ALDERMAN OBER.

JOHN P. OBER, *Cooper, and formerly General Inspector of Fish, Head of Union Wharf, Commercial Street, Boston.*

“He was a man, without a clag,  
His heart was frank, without a flaw.”—JAMES 6th.

For private worth and public enterprise,  
O’er all the Eastern floods renowned,  
A finer heart, or more familiar face,  
Ne’er yet adorned one of the human race.  
Live long, and may your setting sun full late go down,  
To rise the morning of a bright eternal day,  
In all the unborrowed lustre of a just renown,  
Clad in the deathless splendor of your poet’s lay.

## ALDERMAN SLEEPER.

53 Summer Street.

"His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him, that NATURE might stand up,  
And say to all the world, 'this was a man.'"

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

"Magistratus indicat virum."

Polite and graceful, gentlemanly, kind,  
Gifted with much that might adorn the mind—  
Live long, and may your well beloved name,  
Transcend the purest, in the rolls of fame,  
Encircled by refined society,  
By learning blest, advance with talent high.  
May your latter sleep be soft as down—  
Arising, may you wear an angel's crown.

## ALDERMAN PERRY.

PERRY & JACOBS, Wholesale Provision Dealers and  
Commission Merchants, No. 10 South Market Street,  
Boston. LYMAN PERRY, HIRAM JACOBS.

"A gentleman in word and deed."—ROBERT BURNS.  
"We may justly claim for him the well-earned reputation of a  
public benefactor."  
Hail! Alderman, by muses crown'd,  
COMMISSION MERCHANT, far renown'd,  
A Provision Dealer, much the best,  
In Boston, Athens of the West.

## ALDERMAN REED.

REED, CUTLER & Co., Dealers in Medicines, Paints, and  
Dye Stuffs, and Importers of English, French, and  
Mediterranean Drugs, No. 33 India St., 2d door from  
Custom House Street, Boston.

SAMSON REED,  
WM. J. CUTLER,GEORGE CUTLER,  
E. WALDO CUTLER,

"Rheubarb, Senna, or Purgative Drug."—MACBETH, v. 3.  
"Paint is welcome."—TIMON OF ATHENS, Act 1, Scene 1.

"During all my sojourn in the East, I never saw one more thoroughly acquainted with the nature of Medicines and their uses, than he."—Lady Hester Stanhope's Letters.

Direct, my muse, from every distant shore,  
 The people, into *Reed and Culler's Store*,  
 From England, Eden of Imperial Isles; \*  
 They still import—and rear their wondrous piles,  
 And from the streamy vales of flowery France,  
 They fame and fortune ever will enhance,  
 As well as from those country's by the shore,  
 Of *Classic floods* renown'd in days of yore.



### HON. MR. GRATTAN, BRITISH CONSUL.

“Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
 No Towers along the steep,  
 Her march is o'er the mountain wave,  
 Her home is on the deep.”—THOS. CAMPBELL.

“Fortune Fortuned the *living* notes of Rome,  
 And *Him*, thy Consul, sole consoled thy doom.”—JUVENAL.

Hibernia's favored son! how shall my lays,  
 Echoing o'er distant lands to future days,  
 To all posterity transmit thy praise?  
 Nought but a borrowed lustre from thy Uncle's fame, \*  
 Could fire my soul or aid my ardent flame.  
 Thy sacred Isle—Ocean's first-born has stood  
 Pre-eminent for years beside the flood,  
 The home of learning, and the seat of Arts—  
 The abode of beauty and of manly hearts.  
 Ere Memphis reared her gates, or Thebes her towers,  
 Ere Babylon bowed before her Pagan powers,  
 Ere ships of Carthage rode o'er Ocean's foam,  
 Before was heard the names of Greece and Rome;  
 With heroes and with bards thy clime was blest,  
 The throne of Science, “School of (all) the West.”  
 Blest be the isle that ever gave you birth,  
 Blest be the birth that graced the holy isle,  
 Blest be the attributes of all your worth,  
 Blessings in millions on you ever smile.

\*The illustrious and immortal orator, Henry Grattan.

## J. W. PAIGE &amp; CO.

141 *Milk Street, . . . . . Boston.*

"Il conduit bien sa barque."

"They ranked high in the country in which they lived, and they were altogether in actions a family of perfect princes"

MEMOIRS DE ROBALQUERE.

Happy and prosperous live thro' many a year,  
 In high integrity and worth surpass the best,  
 In the Tyre of this transatlantic hemisphere,  
 The Christian Athens of the wide and mighty West.

## A D A M S H O U S E.

S. B. ROBBINS, No. 371 *Washington Street, Boston.*

"This is the place."

DR. MARK AKENSIDE.

Resort of travellers from far and near,  
 And the best Boston residents are here ;  
 Commercial men—the wealthy and the sound  
 Men of literature and science—far renowned :  
 On pleasure or on business here they come,  
 From either Continent, and find a home.

## A L B I O N H O T E L.

*Corner of Beacon and Tremont Streets, : Boston.*  
 J. W. BARTON, Proprietor. This Hotel is particularly adapted to the accommodation of families, and others desirous of comfort and quiet.

When to Boston families come to dwell,  
 They hasten on to the *Albion Hotel* ;  
 Here are suits of rooms unrivalled in the west,  
 The accommodation is the very best.  
 If once you do at this hotel remain,  
 On your return you'll surely call again.  
 Here first rate helps upon you will attend,  
 And Mr. Barton's self doth superintend.  
 Why need I all his attributes declare ?  
 He's namesake, too, of Buffalo's beloved Mayor.

## AMERICAN HOUSE,

*Hanover Street, Boston, by LEWIS RICE, rebuilt, enlarged and elegantly furnished, possessing all the modern improvements and conveniences, for the accommodation of the travelling public, opened February 1, 1852.*

Behold the large, tremendous pile arise,  
Like magic, to the wondering traveller's eyes.  
High halls and colonnades in fair array,  
Beam with the splendors of a rising day ;  
'Tis here each eminent illustrious person goes—  
Here stayed our Aldermen, and dear Mayor Bowes,  
With LEWIS RICE, as fine a man as ever lived along  
The Atlantic shores, or graced a poet's song.

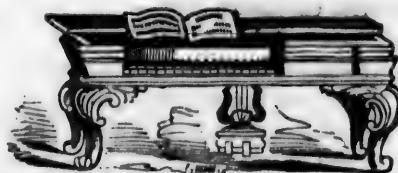
## DOOLEY'S

*MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE HOTEL, in the same building with the Post Office, State Street, Boston. Terms, ONE DOLLAR per day.*

'Tis here that you may come awhile and dwell,  
In major Dooley's large Exchange Hotel.  
You'll find the place thro'out, all fire proof,  
From th' firm foundation to the dazzling roof ;  
See how in Architectural pride it stands,  
Like pondrous piles reared high by giant hands,  
In Mythologic years thro' classic lands.

## POSTSCRIPT.

I leave unsung the Tremont, Revere,  
For reasons that will in the next appear!



## CHICKERING'S PIANO-FORTES,

~~Removed~~ opposite since the Fire.

To 379 Washington Street, Boston, and 295 Broadway, New York. The attention of the public is respectfully called to CHICKERING'S GRAND AND SQUARE PIANO-FORTES; and they are assured that every effort will be made to have all Instruments from his Manufactory unsurpassed in tone and durability. A full assortment of *Chickering's Piano-Fortes* may at all times be found in New York, at 295 Broadway, Lafarge Buidings, for sale at the Factory prices, by H. WARREN, who is the exclusive Agent for the sale of the same in that city. The Subscriber, grateful for the patronage he has heretofore received, hopes to merit a continuance of public favor.

## JONAS CHICKERING,

No. 379 Washington Street, Boston.

"If Music be the food of Love, play on."—12TH NIGHT.

"I'm ever merry when I hear sweet Music."  
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

His name hath rung thro' all the Nations round,  
For honour and for enterprise renowned,  
Beyond Ambition's aim he soared along,  
Tower'd o'er compeers, and passed the admiring throng,  
Beloved by thousands through each passing year,  
The fond delight of either Hemisphere.

*Though others fain would steal his name away,  
He stands triumphant! and he bears the sway,*  
His Manufacturing Facilities,  
Surpass all others, 'neath these Western Skies,  
Great are the orders—pressing the demands,  
From many races on thro' various lands.  
His Music far like mighty rivers flow,  
Thro' the United States and Mexico—  
Its Anthems peal and his fond memory smiles  
Round all the borders of West Indian Isles.

They in superior excellence defy—  
 For splendid tone and durability;  
 They prove the same all seasons of the year,  
 And stand the test of climates most severe.  
 Through every Mansion, Hall, and regal Court,  
 They hail his well known Square PIANO-FORTE,  
 For which, in Crystal Palace, 'neath far English skies,  
 From legions, JONAS CHICKERING took *First Prize*,  
 And from the Hall where Juries did resort,  
 In presence of the high Imperial Court,  
 Did they applaud him for his grand *Piano-Forte*.  
 Thus, shall prosperity attend and bring,  
 Fortune and fame to JONAS CHICKERING.

---

### WILSON, FAIRBANK & CO.

Nos. 13 & 15 Hanover Street, Boston, nearly opposite the American House, Wholesale Agents for Dr. Connie's SYRUP OF GINSENG AND MALVA, Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, and Foreign Leeches; Manufacturers of SODA WATER AND FANCY SYRUPS; also, Amandine for Chapped Hands. W. F & Co. would invite the attention of the Trade to their large and extensive Stock, consisting in part of choice English & French Chemicals, Essential Oils, Select Powder and Medical Extracts, Shakers' Herbs, Glass Ware, &c., which they offer on the best terms, for cash or approved credit.

JOHN WILSON, JR., F. D. FAIRBANK, D. C. KIMBALL.  
*I present the Copyright of the following Poem to this eminent Firm.*

"*Quinquefolium of Linnaeus.*"

"What is a man's public reputation or personal ambition for an empty name, contrasted with those things that may impart a claim to the glory of his country, or that administer to the welfare of his race?"—HENRY CLAY.

### THE CHINESE GINSENG.

Like great Atlas, known in early years.  
 A world of influences it upbears.  
 It spreads its blessings far on every hand,  
 To every race in every distant land,  
 The world's attention—see it now engage,  
 As restorative from Decays of Age,  
 An universal Panacea for driving hence,  
 Fatigue, Disease, and all Intemperance.

In orient climes, in China, far away,  
Thro' the fair regions of the rising day,  
This valuable, all-healing Root is found,  
For properties extraordinary—renowned;  
In estimation high, the Root they hold,  
And often pay for it its weight in gold,  
This will the leading Botanists attest,  
From the Golden Orient to the Crimson West,  
Men known through all Columbia's wide domain,  
Whose fame hath rung o'er earth and foaming main.  
From Tartary's mountains back to Europe's Towers again.  
It grows, too, North of this wide Continent,  
From whence 'tis often off to China sent!  
For Tartary's hills, not easy of access,  
With quite enough can not the Natives bless.  
About a Century since, we know 'twas made,  
By France to China, an article of Trade,  
And by the English, too, in later times;  
But since the *Independence* of these climes,  
America, that should no enterprise neglect,  
To China carries on the Trade *direct*.  
But why need I tell you what myriads know,  
Whose hearts with warmest gratitude will glow,  
Long as the breath of life with them remains,  
They'll praise the cause that banished all their pains;  
Its own virtue to it splendour lends,  
On actual merit it much more depends,  
Than any medicine e'er known before,  
In modern days, or all the times of yore,  
Its stately character will last as long  
As the Sun shines, or years on Ages throng,  
Although 'twas almost hid from mortal eye,  
From periods of remote Antiquity.  
It pleased the blest Creator now to raise,  
The Bright Salvation of these later days.  
Health, Beauty, Genius, all shall tributes bring,  
To Nature's *Great Restorer*, the GINSENG.  
Heaven, to past and future generations,  
Ordained it for the "Healing of the Nations."

And the venders, WILSON, FAIRBANK & Co.,  
Deserve all that from gratitude may flow.  
Even I, the Bard, shall gratitude inflame,  
To laud its virtues, chant their pæn of fame,  
For hoarse as Scylla's 'barking waves' was I,  
Pale my rose cheek, and dim my radiant eye,  
Sunk my warm heart, my ardant soul cast down,  
Lost to fame—and withered my laurel crown,  
But that the voice of friendship bid me go,  
For GINSENG, to *Wilson, Fairbank & Co.*  
This, alone, for its fame and virtues rare,  
Would be a fortune for a Millionare.  
Need I portray the largest House in Town,  
"Not to know *it*, argues yourselves unknown."  
See energy in high magnificence up rear  
The building vast, within the last past year.  
The cellar and lower floor, in months by gone,  
First built for Two, by them were turned to One,  
And the site on which all completely stand,  
Measures five thousand feet of costly land.  
While there, I cast my eyes around in haste—  
Saw all arranged with elegance and taste.  
Modern improvements are all here in gas ;  
Furnace of high invention and plate glass,  
Cochituate waters through the building pass.  
Of their large stock in trade, let this be proof,  
Well pack'd from deep foundation to the roof.  
Here's expertness and good system, which infers  
All convenience for their customers.  
Five years their friendly partnership did bless,  
With harmony and eminent success.  
And so it will thro' many a coming year,  
Stamp them the pride and favorites of this hemisphere.  
The largest dealers in their varied line,  
In drugs, medicines, paints, oils, they all outshine.  
Established on a basis firm and sure,  
Of Capital—Integrity most pure,  
Ability, Industry, and talents high,  
Strong Perseverance and Economy.

Add to to these, temper amiable and bland,  
 This the foundation strong on which they stand ;  
 It made their firm respectable, and for extent,  
 Unrivalled on this Western Continent.  
 There liberal minds and enterprise have made  
 Them Merchant Princes of the California trade.  
 Still fame and fortune round them flow,  
 And will for ever bless  
*The firm ~~is~~ WILSON, FAIRBANK & Co.*  
 With eminent success.  
 And when from business they retire.  
 With all their fortunes made,  
 Still youth and enterprise aspire,  
 To take their place in trade,  
 While the might of virtuous eloquence,  
 Shall consecrate their NAME,  
 Foremost upon the banner roll,  
 Of Boston's sons in fame.

### NORMAN A. WEBBER,

DEALER IN

ALE, BEER, PORTER, AND MALT,  
 in Hhds, Bbls, and Half-Bbls, also, Qt. and Pt. Bottles.

*London Porter and Scotch Ale and Champaigne Cider,*  
 For Shipping or Family use; No. 41 Broad, corner  
 of Water Street, Boston.

“If with water you fill up your glasses,  
 You'll never write anything wise,  
 For ALE—BEER—PORTER'S—the horse of Parnassus,  
 That hurries the Bard to the skies.”—THOS. MOORE.

The most of any he in Boston sells,  
 Supplies both private families and Hotels;  
 And those who from him *Beer* or *Porter* take  
 More custom than the rest do always make,  
 Because, superior, 'tis in high demand,  
 By all the splendid spirits of the land;  
 And fame has stamped it as the very best  
 In Boston or in any City West.  
 And *Mr. Webber* will the stimulus impart,  
 Bright as the sunshine of his own free heart;  
 As fine a man as ever lived along  
 The Atlantic shores, or graced a poet's song.

## CHILSON, RICHARDSON &amp; CO.

51 & 53 Blackstone Street, Boston. Also, CHILSON,  
RICHARDSON & CO., No. 874 Broadway, New  
York. Chilson's Patent World's Fair Prize Medal  
*FURNACE!*

"In Manufactures they excelled all others in that part of the earth  
and their power extended far over into other lands."

DE ESMORIDAN'S "History of Venice."

For every manly worth and enterprise  
He is the example, 'neath these western skies;  
His high intelligence is known  
Where human foot hath trod or gone,  
Look thro' the Canadas—afar  
To the dominions of Czar,  
You'll see our inventor's fame unfurled  
For the best *Furnace* in the world,  
For Dwellings, Churches, and for Schools,  
All inventions it o'er rules,  
For Academies and Halls of State  
It stands triumphant and elate—  
Is used on many distant shores  
For Hospitals, Court Houses, Stores.  
He prizes won full many a time  
At Fairs, throughout Columbia's clime,  
At the World's Fair, in Albion's Isle,  
Triumphs still upon him smile,  
For there, with all the Nations round,  
*Chilson* was with laurels crowned;  
There, from every Sovereign State,  
Did sterling minds investigate,  
Tho' rigidly severe the test,  
They proclaimed it far the best—  
The purest triumph yet ere won,  
Graced the high career of *Chilson*.

## MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

" Let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the canoneer without,  
The cannon to the heavens, the heavens to earth."—HAMLET

From isle to isle, from sea to sea,  
The rich and poor, the bond and free,  
All colors, grades, conditions raise,  
With grateful voice, their meed of praise.  
Thousand of Bottles every day,  
To anxious hearts are sent away—  
One universal shout upsent,  
Thrills through this vast Continent;  
From those who praise, and those who bless,  
Who use and know what they possess.  
It acts like magic—anguish flees  
From its prime healing properties.  
Drawn from the book of nature's laws,  
What the wounds or what the cause,  
How old the sore or deep the pain,  
Health, strength and beauty you regain.  
See what countless triumphs grace  
In every clime with every race—  
Victory, as with Cæsar went,  
On with the Mustang Liniment.  
Like the sun illummed the sky,  
That spreads above the waters high,  
Is th' fame o'er earth and ocean sent,  
Of the Mustang Liniment.  
Get some, you can but do the least,  
You'll find it good for man and beast.  
Haste to the Depot soon and buy it,  
And you'll rejoice when you but try it.

---

*Prices of the Liniment.*—It is put in Bottles of three sizes, and retails at 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1 per bottle. The 50 cent and dollar bottles contain 50 and 100 per cent more more Liniment, in proportion to their cost, so that money is saved by buying the large sizes.

## APOSTROPHE TO DR. BRAGG,

(Proprietor of the Mexican Mustang Liniment.)

"Nations will rank him foremost with that brilliant band of Benefactors who have arisen to adorn the annals of Human Nature."

ALPHONSO DE LAMARATINE.

Hail ! learned sage of mighty mind,  
 Hail ! Benefactor of mankind,  
 Millions of hearts your worth adore,  
 By every lake and ocean shore,  
 Thousands with health you cause to bloom.  
 Snatch'd from the borders of the tomb,  
 Long may you live, for when you die,  
 Who shall on earth your place supply ?  
 Your honored name immortalised,  
 Shall by posterity be prized.  
 Did not your life, the world adorn ?  
 Perhaps, themselves, had not been born.  
 Their fathers and their mothers lost,  
 To time had yielded up the ghost ;  
 For agony their hearts would drag  
 To the grave, but for Dr. Bragg.

—o—

## WILLIAM P. TENNY &amp; CO.

*Dealers in CARPETINGS, of every variety of fabric and quality, Hall over Maine Rail Road Depot, Haymarket Square, Boston.*

WM. P. TENNY, }  
J. AUG. FFLT, }{ EDWARD KIMBALL.  
{ F. B. WENTWORTH.

William P. Tenny and Co.,  
 Has Carpetings so rare,  
 Over Maine Rail Road Depo(t),  
 All in the Market Square.

With the rarest Carpeting they decorate,  
 Houses, Hotels, Mansions, Halls of State,  
 In various styles to suit the public mind,  
 Where taste, with prices fair, are all combined,  
 The most extensive, gorgeous and the best,  
 In Boston, Athens of the wond'rous west.

## GLOBE BANK.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

"Oh! be his ripest years his happiest and his best!"  
HIS "*Curiosity.*"

"Vixere fortis ante Agamemnona,  
Multi: sed omnes illachrymabiles  
Urgentur, ignotique longa  
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."—HORACE.

Where are the SHIPS of Carthage now—  
The TOWERS of Thebes that stood—  
When GATES of Memphis towr'd on high  
By Nilus' ancient flood.—  
Unknown to us is Babylon's site,  
Yea! climes from history gone,  
The names to which the Egyptian reared  
Those pondrous piles of Stone—  
They all are gone—the poet's *theme*,  
In beams o'er ages flung  
Is better known this distant day—  
Than that in which they sung;  
Let GRANITE AND IRON mouldered low,  
And Earthquakes cloud the skies—  
Time and destruction we defy,  
—The POET never dies.  
Still, when from world to world you soar,  
To visit realms afar,  
O Let thy sphered spirit be  
Our bright and guiding Star.—  
Thus, thro' the night of destiny—  
O'er rapid floods of time,  
We'll take our weary pilgrimage  
Unto a sunnier clime—  
Where mirror streams in music roll,  
Celestial blossoms spread—  
Ambrosial flakes—like virgin snow  
On many a flow'ry bed.  
And where entranced Zephyrs fan  
Bright souls that know no grief,  
And make thro' all the ethereal bowers

A harp of every leaf.  
 There will you meet the cherubim  
 That long had gone before,  
 How will they hail their Minstrel sire  
 To the ethereal shore.—  
 For me, whatever should betide—  
 In either hemisphere,  
 I'll still remember MR. SPRAGUE,  
 Thro' every distant year.

---

### DR. DIX,...OCULIST.

*Opposite the Tremont House, Tremont Row, Boston.*

“Vigilantia non cadet.”

His name hath rung thro' all the lands around,  
 For worth and capability renowned—  
 “The light that Homer's eyes could ne'er regain,”  
 Those orbs that (in great Milton) rolled in vain,  
 Those sockets closed when towers on Sampson fell,  
 And *pupils* veil'd in Galileo's cell—  
 Had they been living now, with fond delight  
 They'd feel the day beams flash upon their sight  
 And bless the Dr.—give his name a place  
 Among the benefactors of his race.

---

### MR. TICKNOR,

THE EMINENT PUBLISHER.

“The nourishment of the soul.”—MOTTO OF THE PTOLOMIES.

“Books are the medicine of the mind.”—DIODORIS.

His high name is stamped on many a page,  
 —The Dodsley and the Murray of this Age,  
 His publications elevate the mind,  
 By every virtue, every good refined;  
 An enterprising man, whose large concern  
 Bids *Age* be wise—and *Infancy* to learn.

## JOSEPH BURNETT,

APOTHECARY,

33 Tremont Row, Boston, Importer of F. M. Farina's Cologne, Lubin's Perfumes and Soaps, Prout's Tooth and Hair Brushes, Low's Old Windsor & Honey Soaps, Eau Lustrale, Pomades, Tooth Powders, Dressing Cases, and other elegant articles for the Toilet, Pure Syrups, Lemon, Raspberry and Sarsaparilla, &c. &c. Extracts for flavoring Pies, Jellies, &c., Indelible Ink, Diamond Cement, Fine Sponges, Domestic Instruments, Genuine Medicines compounded from pure materials. Physicians' Prescriptions accurately prepared. Standard Family Medicines.

"I do know an Apothecary, and here about he dwells."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

He is so eminent,—you all well know  
 His famed Emporium, in Tremont Row;  
 I've chosen him from all in the same line,  
 To grace this new and popular Poem of mine,  
 Because to all 'tis perfectly well known,  
 He is the most respectable in Town.  
 He's highly intellectual, learned and wise,  
 The first to aid in any enterprise.  
 If you but send a child to his famed Store  
 'Twill be the same as if yourself were to the 'fore;  
 Th' public will be glad to know—where and when  
 To deal with honorable business men.

## D R . H O L M E S .

"O, Æsculapius, here's thy son,  
 Thy favored one."

MILONOVE. Dr. Bowring's Russian Anthology, vol. 2.

"Ingenio stat sine morte decus."—PROPERTIUS.

Your influence and learning are well known—  
 That in society transcendent shone ;  
 Your Works in gorgeous majesty appear,  
 The light and wonder of each passing year.

## BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR DYE,

*A recent and most wonderful discovery in Chemistry, for instantaneously and without the least inconvenience, change red, light, or gray hair, into a permanent auburn, dark, or black color, without injuring or staining the skin in the least, and retaining all the original gloss and softness of the hair. Manufactured by WM. BOGLE, 277, Washington Street, Boston, inventor and sole proprietor.*

"Not to know him argues yourselves unknown."—JOHN MILTON.

Hyperion in the Golden Age, to Thea's arm was borne,  
By whom he had Aurora, Bright Goddess of the Morn ;  
Thus Bogle's *Fluid* forms the germ of all that's grand  
on earth,  
While his electric hair dye gives to virgin beauty birth.  
Hyperion's lovely daughter in purple chariot flies—  
And ope's with her roseay fingers, Morns gates thro' orient  
skies ;  
So the offspring of Hyperion Fluid—*Fair Beauty* leads  
the way,  
And 'sheds its light and loveliness, o'er all the bounds  
of day.  
Hyperion's daughter sheds the dew, and all the flowerets  
blow ;  
So from this Fluid a glorious crop of *jetty* locks will  
grow—  
Depth, height, and breadth of Bogle's fame, swell an-  
thems loud and free,  
And beauty rise to charm the world, like Venus from the  
sea.

---

## O A K H A L L.

*North Street, formerly Ann Street, Boston.*

GEO. W. SIMMONS, PROPRIETOR.

"The apparel oft proclaims the man."—HAMLET.

New England's wonder! Hail to thee, OAK HALL!  
Which for extent and splendor rivals all  
The Clothing's Marts and all that ever yet have sent  
Their heights to Heaven from off this Continent;  
Their CLOTHING Ready-Made has stood the test  
Thro' all the regions of the mighty West,  
And bears the palm and laurel of renown,  
The first and most respectable in Town—  
And competition OAK HALL will defy,  
For *Style, for Cheapness, and for durability.*

ZELOTES HOSMER,  
HARDWARE COMMISSION MERCHANT,

*And Agent for the sale of Wilson Hawksworth, Ellison & Moss' Steel, Fairbanks' Scales, Charcoal, Annealed and Common Iron Wire, Sheet Brass, Brass and Copper Wire, and AMERICAN HARDWARE, No. 110 Milk Street, Boston.*

"It is an axiom in Mechanics that the more simple the Machine, the more valuable."—*SIR ISAAC NEWTON.*

Where'er the light of intellect prevails,  
There will be found the *Patent Fairbanks' Scales*,  
Countless certificates to them are sent  
As guarantee from either continent;  
With Wilson Hawksworth here you safely deal,  
As for Ellison & Moss' superior Steel;  
Nor thro' the modern Athens long inquire  
For Charcoal, Anneal'd or common Wire,  
And this establishment will all surpass  
For Brass and Copper, Wire, and good Sheet Brass,  
Here all things in this line are good and rare,  
With superior AMERICAN HARDWARE.  
So when you look in Mr. HOSMER's face,  
You'll find him out a gentleman of grace,

FOWLERS & WELLS & CO.  
PHRENOLOGISTS AND BOOKSELLERS,

142 Washington Street, Boston. Phrenological Museum open free to Visitors. Phrenological examinations and Charts furnished day and evening. For Sale, Books on Phrenology, Physiology, Water Cure, Phonography, Psychology, &c.

FOWLERS & WELLS, D. P. BUTLER, C. J. HAMBLETON.

Long ages may thy light be sent—thy blaze of glory hurl'd,  
Not only thro' this Continent but o'er the ancient world,  
We look thro' rolls of Centuries and annals long to tell  
Only to see who stands alone without a parallel,  
In every tongue, in every clime, all tribes will anthems raise,  
And younger Bards, in happier time—get laurels from thy praise.

## PAYSON, DUNTON &amp; FRENCH,

## WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING.

*Payson & Dunton's MERCANTILE ROOMS*, (established in 1839,) 109 Washington Street, Boston. Ladies and Gentlemen are taught a practical, business style of Writing. Book-Keeping taught with and without the Journal. Pens, Ink and Paper, of the best quality, for sale. Also, *Payson & Dunton's new system of Penmanship*. Plain and Ornamental Writing executed at short notice. Entire satisfaction guaranteed.

"The pen of a ready writer."

(Translated from the Russian.)

When God first made the line of being run  
He prefaced Nature's column with a Sun—  
Heaven's luminaries like ideas shot  
Across the black where chaos was the blot,  
His sentiment, in Oceans shook rocky walls,  
Vales his **SMALL CAPS**—Mountains his **CAPITALS**—  
Men, Fiends and Angels, where subjects to rehearse,  
And made Creation one grand epic verse.

## ISAAC DILLINGHAM,

*Sheet Iron and Tin Plate Worker*, Manufacturer of all kinds of *Ship Chandlers and Druggists' Ware*, and *LANTHORNS*, with Copper, Brass, or Tin Trim-mings for Oil or Fluid, *Corner of Blackstone & Ann Streets, up stairs, Boston*. Personal attention paid to Oil and Fluid.

As o'er the broad sky gleams the rising moon,  
Thro' night's mist will his Lanthorns shine full soon—  
For at an early time he'll have them made,  
And thus enlarge the bounderries of his trade.  
Citizens and strangers can in Boston stop  
And visit his Sheet Iron and Tin Plate Shop,  
The most substantial in his line—and there  
You'll find *Ship Chandlers and Druggists' Ware*,  
The only place in all the City round  
Where value for your money can be found,  
For his Trade in all its branches orders take,  
And he will every thing in *perfect order* make.

## A. M. BECK &amp; CO.

120 Washington Street, Boston. Proprietors of Isaac Babbitt's celebrated Toilet Soaps and Creams, Crinoleum for the Hair, and Panariston Dentifrice. General Agents for Boston Chemical Washing Powder. Also, dealers in the choicest Perfumery, Hair Oils, and Hair Dyes. All orders promptly answered.

A. M. BECK,

CHAS. C. HARRINGTON.

Thro' Orient climes, in golden years, a Nymph of heavenly birth,  
 The *Magna Mater* of the Gods brought purity to earth,  
 Cybele, Thia, and Proserpine, were names the Goddess bore,  
 But *Rhea*, only she was called thro' Greece, in days of yore;  
 But *Bona Dea* was her name where the Roman Eagles flew.  
 When matron's chaste approached her shrine, and paid her honour's due,  
 In the noon of Roman glory, Thro' all her palmy days,  
 Myriads saw towers and temples reared and countless alters blaze—  
 So TRUTH alone and purity—Nor Metaphor nor trope—  
 In estimation may exalt—the Panariston Soap—  
 PAN'S Greek for all that can excell and supersede the rest,  
 Put *Pan* to the following (and spell) —*Ariston*—which means the best—  
 And 'tis the best—for I have tried some that rack'd with pain,  
 But other than *Panariston Soap* I'll never use again—  
 The Beauties of Antiquity new charms would ever win—  
 Had they the Panariston Soap to sooth their virgin skin,  
 Its praises gladly they would sing 'neath amaranthine bowers,  
 While angels bath'd where amber streams roll'd o'er Perrenial flowers.  
 Then, had they ever blessed the names—while Bays immortal deck  
 And deathless laurels bind the brows of BABBITT and of BECK.

## NEW EXPRESS THROUGH LINE

*To the CANADAS, NIAGARA FALLS, BUFFALO and the WEST.* Through Tickets, via Cheshire, Rutland and Burlington, and Ogdensburg Railroad, and the Canadian Through Line of splendid upper cabin Steamers to all ports in the Canadas, Niagara Falls and Buffalo. Also, via Michigan Southern Railroad to Chicago, St. Louis, and all ports on Lake Michigan; and via Cleveland and Cincinnati Railroad to Columbus, Cincinnati, and places on the Ohio River.

### REFERENCES:

I. *TILTON, Sup't of Fitchburg Railroad; E. A. CHAPIN, Cheshire R. R.; JOHN S. DUNLAP, R. & B. R. R.; CHAS. L. SCHLATTER, Ogdensburg R. R.; T. H. CANFIELD, of R. & Washington R. R.; S. L. JOHNSON, Troy and Boston R. R.; J. MARTIN, Troy and Schenectady Rail Road.*

For Tickets apply to M. L. RAY, No. 3½ Commercial St.; (up stairs,) three doors from the New Custom House, or to the *Fitchburg Depot*, Causeway Street, Boston.

### M. L. RAY, AGENT.

Hail! Western Minstrel pour deathless lay  
 To celebrate our famous M. L. RAY,  
 And know ye passengers what you're about,  
 And call on him to know the safest route—  
 With trouble and expense—the very least  
 He'll send you to *Canada*—West or East;  
 You'll find his New Express Thro' Line's the best,  
 For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, and—the West,  
 For honour and enterprise renown'd is M. L. Ray,  
 The favorite Agent of the present day.

---

### JOHN E. ABBOTT,

IMPORTER OF

RICH FANCY GOODS AND FINE CUTLERY,

No. 224 Washington Street, (corner of Summer-St.,) Boston, has for sale and is receiving by every arrival, *Elegant Fancy Articles*, of English, French, German and Canton Goods, both useful and Ornamental, suitable for presents. *PAPIER MACHIE* Goods, of every description; Ladies Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, Writing Desks

of every size, Tea Caddies, Odour Cases, &c, &c.; Gentlemen's Rosewood and Leather DRESSING AND SHAVING CASES, Travelling Desks. Fancy Soaps, Perfumery, Pomades for the Hair, Oils, Brushes, Combs, Mirrors, Pocket Books, also every article usually found in a Store of this description. Rogers' warranted Knives, Scissors and Razors. Warrin's Royal Diamond Needles, etc.

Your Store reminds of fabled scenes and sights  
 In Eastern lands, and of Arabian Knights,  
 The pomp and panoply 'neath every distant sky  
 The blazonary of Art and high Mythology,  
 For like Udolpho or enchanted scenery—  
 Your rare establishment appeared to me  
 Before your FANCY GOODS all prostrate fall,  
 Imperial Palace and the feudal Hall.  
 And your FINE CUTLERY transcends the best  
 In Boston, Athens of the wide and wondrous West.

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### SHELTON & CHEEVER.

Manufacturers of *Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Chaise, Stage and Draft Collars, Engine Hose. Fire Buckets, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Hobby Horses, &c., No. 7 Washington and 58 Brattle Street, fourth door from Dock Square, BOSTON.*

“The horse in glittering harness stood.”—PINDAR.

My muse tell's truth, and you may believe her,  
 While speaking here of Messrs. SHELTON & CHEEVER.  
 To their shop, those in want, quickly take their trips,  
 For saddles and bridles, and all sorts of whips.  
 And you get at their Mart for less number of dollars,  
 Then elsewhere in Boston,—chaise, stage & draft collars,  
 Good trunks, fine valises, carpet bags, and those  
 Famous fire buckets, and rare engine hose,  
 And many things else, too long to declare,  
 But th'best in th' city, ~~is~~ fourth door from Dock Square.

## W M. F. SHAW,

*Gas Fixtures, Chandeliers, Lamps, Candelabras, Oil, Fluid, Camphene and Candles, 174 WASHINGTON ST., (Opposite Bromfield St.) Boston, Oil Chandeliers and Mantle Lamps altered for burning gas.*

"Bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men."

LORD BYRON.

Now shall the western Bard a picture draw,  
Of the renowned establishmant of Mr. Shaw.  
This eminent house all others doth surpass,  
For fixtures, and the fitting up of gas ;  
Substantially by them all in their line is made,  
They do the entire Corporation trade.  
And the first families thro' the city round,  
Are here constantly with their orders found ;—  
Their famous lamps and splendid chandeliers,  
Surpass the rarest in both hemispheres.  
Here splendid works that might the world surprise,  
At the World's Fair in London took the *prize*.  
See ! his stock would charm you with delight,  
He has every thing, in every line, that gives you *light*.

## ROXBURY RUBBER WAREROOMS.

M. LEIGHTON, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in GOODYEAR's Patent Vulcanized Rubber Goods, No. 94 WASHINGTON ST., Boston, Mass. Orders for Goods to be made, should be accompanied with drawings, and full description.

"From contraction it expands."

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON, Sermon, quarto, vol. 2nd, London, 1792.

Say, who in either hemisphere,  
Has not heard the name of Goodyear,  
Whose manufactures all are sent,  
Throughout this western Continent,  
With enterprise his genius shone,  
But Mr. Leighton, now alone,  
Stands this side the ocean floods,  
Renown'd thro' earth, for Rubber goods.  
In language of the Auctioneer,  
"Too numerous to mention" here.



BROWN & LAWRENCE,  
FASHIONABLE READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Wholesale and Retail, in entire Basement Old State  
House; (fronting on State St.,) Boston.

Above all other Clothiers they stand elate,  
In the famous Hall of the Old Bay State,  
In the entire basement them you'll find—  
And get yourself all suited to your mind.  
There's nothing either mean or vulgar here,  
They've proved themselves thro' every passing year  
Th' model Merchants on whom all may depend,  
In whom intelligence—and enterprise still blend,  
Where high integrity will still combine  
With prices fair—thro' all their varied line;  
You can to the basement story go—and when  
You're there you'll find them *perfect Gentlemen.*

## BENT &amp; BUSH,

(Successors to S. & A. H. RHOADES,) *Hat Establishment*, Corner of COURT AND WASHINGTON STREETS,  
Boston.

## A PARAPHRASE.

## STEPHEN RHOADES.

“An Archangel’s heart moulded to the form of *Man*,”  
Was born in Boston, forty years ago—  
His heart as large as any Alpine hill.  
Though worth full half a million—we all know  
His goodness, and kind nature oft do fill,  
Full many a grateful bosom with joy.  
Ask the widow! ask orphan girl! or boy!  
He still stays on, and all his old friends greets,  
At corner of Court and Washington streets.  
He long has won the military crest  
In Boston, Athenæ of the West.  
Live long, and when the “*nap*” wears, and “colors”  
fade—

And when the “*felt*,” dear Stephen, is decayed,  
You “iron’d out, pressed down, and ordered home,”  
“Busy as hatters,” shall the concourse come,  
To rear a statue, much like that which stood,  
Looking o’er the Mediterranean flood—  
And when it falls, no Jew shall buy in loads—  
Time only falls, when falls *our* Stephen Rho(a)des.

## EDWARD A. VOSE &amp; CO.

*House, Ship and Sign PAINTERS & GLAZIERS*,  
No. 135 Commercial Street, head of Lincoln’s Wharf,  
Boston. Paints, Glass, Brushes, &c., constantly on  
hand and at reasonable prices. Particular attention  
paid to Sign Painting and Graining.

EDWARD A. VOSE,

JAMES M. REED.

My sentiments to you I’d fain disclose,  
Governor in embryo—MR. VOSE,  
Your own youth never vote it now appears,  
Until the age of One and Twenty years,

Although unlike those reared 'neath Kings and Queens,  
 They're often men before they leave their teens—  
 Still must the vile offscouring and the scum  
 Of loathsome realms, who hither choose to come,  
 Bringing pollution and a pestilence,  
 Void of all learning, and may be of *sense*,  
 Certainly devoid of anything like pence—  
 Who cannot say the Alphabet by *rote*,  
 Yet forsooth the noodles have a vote,  
 But my heart sickens—stay the rapid Rhyme—  
 Enlarge the subject, Muse—another time.

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### NEW ENGLAND GLASS CO.

Manufacture and keep constantly on hand at their Warehouse, *Battery-march Street*, (between 149 and 151 Milk St.) Boston, *Plain, Moulded and Cut Flint Glass Ware*, in all its varieties. Also, all kinds of Apothecaries' Chemical and Philosophical and Silvered Glassware, Glass Spool Stops, Lamps, Lamp Wicks, Castors, Britannia Ware, Engraving on Glass. Devices can be done on any article, in splendid style, Specimens may be seen as above.

JOSEPH N. HOWE, AGENT.

Not since the pilgrims in an ancient land,  
 Discovered glass roll out from molten sand,  
 Did ever human eye its glances cast,  
 O'er grander works, or purer sorts of glass.  
 In various shapes of manufacture rare,  
 You'll find plain moulded, and cut flint glassware.  
 Let visitors once go, with great surprise,  
 They'll see prime glass in great varieties ;  
 At ONE, P. M., each day, I will avow,  
 You'll see the well known agent, Mr. Howe.

## RUGGLES, NOURSE, MASON &amp; CO.

Manufacturers of every variety of FARMING IMPLEMENTS and MACHINES, and Dealers in GARDEN, FIELD and GRASS SEEDS, Wholesale and Retail, Boston and Worcester, Mass.

J. NOURSE, D. RUGGLES. A. STONE,  
J. C. MASON, J. M. C. ARMSBY.

What shall the sacred Muses now engage  
But New England's pride and glory of this age—  
What scenes did you back to my memory call,  
When I trod on thro' your great Quincy Hall.  
I knew that Agriculture long ago,  
Caused various knowledge thro' the world to flow,  
From whence the Arts that humanize arose,  
And to mankind did all their charms disclose.  
'Twas my desire to see your Mart—and when  
I traversed here, I found you perfect gentlemen—  
I thought that great things would entrance my eyes,  
But what I saw might well the Bard surprise;  
Beyond expectation's highest flight,  
Your famed Emporium open'd to my sight,  
Still round the magic dome I fondly glide  
And see new wonders rise on every side.  
I thought at first that I might still rehearse,  
The names of all your Implements in verse,  
But soon I knew 'twould take an endless strain,  
To name them all—to count them all were vain;  
For from its grandeur and it large extent  
It has no rival on this continent,  
And I doubt not 'twould clip the wings of pride  
From all the nations thro' the world beside.  
Let visitors to Boston give a call  
And view their large Warehouse in Quincy Hall,  
They'll hear the most intelligent discourse,  
And find a friendly heart in Mr. NOURSE,  
R. N. M.—live for many years,  
Of *Arts and Sciences* the pioneers.  
From Boston—Athens of these later days  
Dispense o'er neighboring States resplendant rays;  
While fame's loud triumph for you and banner far unfurled  
Shall wave its folds in sunbeams o'er the Western World.

## RUSSIAN SALVE.

*REDDING & CO., Proprietors, 8 State Street.*

Beyond the high puffed nostrums of the day,  
 This famous ointment bears triumphant sway ;  
 Thousands here its efficacy will attest,  
 Thro'out the teeming regions of the west ;  
 For, from the day its lofty fame arose,  
 From Moskwa's battle field, and Russian snows,  
 Thousands on thousands, Russian Salve restored.  
 Though torn by cannon ball, or hostile sword,  
 'Though rack'd by pestilence—'though bit by frost,  
 Near, to their native homes and kindred lost :  
 It blessed the army—saved the soldiers lives,  
 And caused their quick return to children and to wives ;  
 And on thro' following years, both health and ease,  
 Have blessed hundreds once subject to disease,  
 The introduction of the salve should place,  
 Th' venders, 'mong the benefactors of their race.  
 The Russian Salve, opposing powers defeat,  
 By *its own power*—astonishingly great,  
 In energetic action 'twill surpass—  
 All that is used in general by the *mass*.  
 Among the many, here's what it attests,  
 Sore Nipples of nursing women, and sore breasts,  
 Felons, salt rheum, ringworms, and scald head.  
 In proof let high certificates be read—  
 For dressing burns it might the world surprise,—  
 It cures the inflammation of the eyes,  
 And all diseases to which human flesh is heir.  
 Its virtues are angelical and fair,  
 From heaven it came below to bless the earth,  
 And millions bless it in return of—mortal birth;  
 Then let its everlasting fame be sent,  
 In streams of living light, across the Continent.

REDDING & CO. are just publishing the celebrated Speeches of Daniel Webster and Hayne, on Foot's Resolution.

"I have received the Speeches—which by the closeness of their logic, and the masculine vigor of their eloquence, proves to me how all the perfections of the mind have grown up to, and been divested with the inspiration of the cause which they have now made their own."—EARL CARLISLE.

## NATHANIEL ELLIS,

(Formerly BINNEY & ELLIS,) Wholesale Manufacturer of *Umbrellas, Parasols, and Parasollets*. Manufacturers supplied with Silks, Alpaccas, Ginghams, and every variety of Materials for their use. Importer and dealer in *Fancy Walking Canes*; Store & Chambers No. 77 Court Street, corner of Brattle Street, Boston.

This is the primest place, the City round,  
Where the above *superior* articles are found;  
When Orion pours or fiery Sol doth roll,  
Go get here your Umbrella or Parasol,  
From Silks, Alpaccas, Ginghams they are made—  
With good materials he supplies the trade.  
Thro' all new New England's Pilgrim Borders round—  
As Manufacturer, he's the most renown'd.

## JAMES G. BLAKE,

(Late Kittredge & Blakes,) Importer of *Upholstery Plushes, Damasks, Hair Seating, &c.* Manufacturer of and Dealer in *Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Painted Cottage Furniture*, Looking-Glasses, Curled Hair, Mattresses, Feathers, &c, Nos. 12 to 20 Cornhill, and 27 Washington St.; entrance both on Cornhill and Washington St., Boston.

Beyond expectation's highest flight  
Their famed Emporium open'd to my sight,  
In more than oriental grandeur shone—  
Their splendid works, in which they stand alone—  
As Manufacturers of substance pure  
Transform'd to all the pomp of stately Furniture.  
Their Manufactures all the public prize,  
Success has crown'd their daring enterprise,  
The great extent 'the Stock they have on hand  
Stamps them Prime Manufacturers of the land.

## A. ELIAERS,

## FRENCH CABINET MAKER, FROM PARIS.

*French Furniture, Fancy Furniture for Embroidery. Looking-Glass frames carved in Wood. Designs for Furnishing Houses and Hotels. 12 to 24 Cornhill, Boston.*

Those brilliant Mirrors that your walls adorn  
 Open'd to the Poet's wondering eyes  
 Like the dawning of a new Creation's MORN,  
 Breaking in splendour o'er the Eastern skies,  
 So broad and beautiful they seemed to me,  
 (Art mixed harmoniously with Nature)—pure  
 Like the waveless deep of some inland sea,  
 Lit by the Sun and petrified in Miniature.

## ORMSBEE'S MINIATURE HOUSE.

*Washington Street, corner of Bromfield St., Boston.*

## PUZZLE.

O. H. T. L. A. M. E. D. M. H. I. T. W. H. H. T. S.  
 L. O. F. C. W. H. T. O. H. B. T. O. I. B.

## ORMSBEE

*Has the largest and most extensive Daguerrean Miniature House in the world! He has two Sky-Lights, one for cloudy weather; has three Operators,—himself being the OLDEST in Boston.*

When through your Gallery the Minstrel trod,  
 I raised my eyes and thanked Creation's God,  
 That e'er I lived to see the blissful day,  
 In which your Daguerreotypes in fair array,  
 Eclipsing all 'neath yon cerulean skies,  
 Flashed like a SUNBURST on his wondering eyes.  
 Your classic halls, where'er my steps I bent,  
 I saw unrivalled on this continent.  
 All Europe hails you first on her far shore,  
 America has owned you conqueror long before.  
 Free may the banner of your strength unfurled  
 O'er rolling ages fly, Prime Artist of the World!

## HON. RUFUS CHOATE.

"Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os Magna sonaturum." HORACE.

"Choate, full of fancy, soaring high ; Lawyer of the best report."—DANIEL WEBSTER.

"I commend him for his ability as an Orator, and his integrity as a Patriot."—CICERO.

Demosthenes in Philip's time beamed like a radiant star,  
So even in this Western clime thy glory spreads afar ;  
Great Stentor's Godlike tongue rung o'er the Trojan plain,  
So victory follows thee along, and triumphs in thy train.  
Cicero, born of Sabine kings, swept like a flood o'er Rome,  
So Choate, here his splendor flings, and drives the climax home.  
Great Maribeau, and thousands more on Europe's continent,  
Did eloquence in torrents pour, or give their vengeance vent.  
In virtue's cause, like solid rocks, their awful spirits stood !  
Witness a Chatham, Pitt and Fox, a Curran, Grattan,  
Flood ;  
Illustrious orators ! that then surrounding kingdoms woke  
The tongue (and lyre) of Sheridan, of Burke, and Bollingbroke.  
Those are the sons of majesty, and high immortal note,  
FAME smiled on them, and smiles on thee, glorious Rufus Choate.

## WILLIAM F. HOMER &amp; CO.

Importers of *CROCKERY, CHINA AND GLASS WARE*, Silver Plated, Britannia, and Japan Ware,  
Also, an assortment of *Paper Hangings*, Nos. 15 & 17  
Union Street, Boston.

WM. F. HOMER,

L. E. CASWELL.

I pour'd for them my anthems long before,  
While yet I trod on Erie's distant shore,  
And now I found where'er my steps I bent  
Their place unrivalled on this continent—  
Both for superior goods and large extent.  
Great is the progress they have ever made  
Both in the wholesale and the retail trade,  
Integrity, Intelligence, with enterprise combine—  
To place them head of all in this their business line.

## BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS.

*For Sale by FETRIDGE & CO., Corner of State  
and Washington Streets, Boston.*

"Immortal Birds in Millions fired  
The Arch of Heaven—  
And wove around the skley Bowers,  
Living garlands of a Thousand Flowers."

*Sadi, Persian Poet.*

Like Odours sweet from Tempe's vale, or fair Arcadian  
Bowers,  
Are the fragrant perfumes we inhale from *Balm of  
Thousand Flowers*.  
The Atlantides for knowledge high and beauty far re-  
nowned,  
Beneath their Myrtle groves reclined, with *Thousand  
Flowers* around,  
In bright Hesperias' magic dells, 'neath Amaranthine  
spray,  
Waved the *Thousand Flowers* that blush'd on Juno's  
nuptial day.  
Yes! like the *Thousand Flowers* that breath'd perfumes  
on Classic lands—  
Mirror'd where Pactolous healing Flood rolled over gold-  
en sands,  
Unto the *Balm of Thousand Flowers* still health to plea-  
sure yields,  
Like Pluto, charm'd by Proserpine in fair Elysian fields,  
Think of Narcissus, near the stream renowned by an-  
cient lyres,  
Embleming the *Thousand Flowers* that grace Celestial  
Choirs.  
Ye blooming youth and virgins gay prolong your charm-  
ing powers,  
By using in your early day—the **BALM OF THOUSAND  
FLOWERS**—  
The atmosphere will still appear all gay with dancing  
loves,  
And Graces, too, in Myriads throng where virgin beauty  
moves

'Twill make the old recall their years, while youth in  
magic springs—  
And transform Cyclopean races to Angels without wings,  
To memory call the blossom shade where 'neath the  
moonlight hours,  
Nymphs and Naiades danced along kirtled with *Thousand  
Flowers*.  
The Balm of Gilead long ago—won Israel's poet's praise  
So shall the Balm of *Thousand Flowers* transcend in  
later lays.  
From Ida's mount in Nature's Morn full many a river  
flowed,  
Ages—to many tribes—and climes a healthiness bestowed.  
So from the fount deluted Balm, fly all diseaseful powers,  
And myriads raised to health, have blessed the Balm of  
*Thousand Flowers*.  
Had Romans in their Empire's noon, — so fond of fra-  
grant showers,  
Dream't of this, how had they praised the Balm of  
*Thousand Flowers*.  
Would you surpass in loveliness, the famed Circassian  
race,  
And move like natives of [the air—beyond Paressian  
grace,  
Behold your cheeks like PERI charm—furrows and freck-  
les lost,—  
Your teeth like pearls by coral caves, on Ceylon's spicy  
coast,  
THIS thro' life's perennial bloom, celestial love will win.  
'Twill give you an entrancing breath, and alabaster skin,  
Like zephyrs from enchanted isles, or gales of Araby.—  
It wafts its way in loveliness, o'er continent and sea,  
Odorous as immortal plants just flourishing to spray—  
Beside Euphrates' crystal stream in Eden's early day.  
While FETRIDGE's & FONTAIN's fame o'er time sublimely  
towers,  
Thro' countless Agency's you'll find the *Balm of Thou-  
sand Flowers*.

I warn all persons from Copying the above beautiful Poem,  
without my permission.  The Copy-right is secured.

## FRENCH AND GERMAN IMPORTING HOUSE.

Nos. 15 &amp; 17 Kilby Street, Boston.

## HOLDEN &amp; CUTTER,

*Importers of FRENCH, GERMAN & ENGLISH FANCY GOODS AND TOYS; comprising one of the largest assortments to be found in the United States, which will be sold at a small advance of cost from importation.*

L. P. HOLDEN,

B. F. CUTTER.

As prime Importers, this Firm the fame enjoys,  
*For French, German, English Fancy Goods and Toys;*  
 The largest and the best assortment here is found,  
 Unrivalled, too, through all the *Union* round.  
 Here buy the Merchants from all sections of the Nation,  
 At small advance on cost from importation;  
 Being selected by themselves—they're good,  
 Equal to all that ever crossed the flood;  
 Here! countless articles with them you'll find,  
 All in their varied line—to suit the mind,  
 With high integrity and worth combined.

## FIRE WORKS.

SANDERSON & LANERGAN, *Pyrotechnists, Etna Laboratory, SOUTH FIFTH STREET, East Cambridge.*

Exhibitions furnished at short notice. All articles in the trade at wholesale and retail. HOLDEN & CUTTER, AGENTS, Nos. 15 and 17 Kilby Street, Boston.

*"ETNA! whose combustible and fuel'd entrails,  
 Thence conceiving fire, sublimed with mineral fury  
 Aid the winds."—PARADISE LOST, Book 1st.*

To the city of Boston they appear,  
 The Pyrotechnists for the present year,  
 And stand unrivalled in this hemisphere,

While on their efforts smile auspicious fates,  
Th' only practical firm in the New England States.  
They have furnished *new original designs*.  
For which their fame, thro' all New England shines.  
Their personal attention they have paid,  
And all they ever vend, themselves have made.  
Their annual improvements ever are  
Of a varied and pleasing character.  
See ! rapid Wheels of color'd fires arise,  
Roll on the air, and light the distant skies ;  
Triangles, Quartos, Chaplets, Serpent Mines,  
And here the *lone STAR* a winged Texes shines,  
Battery Mines of various pomp and size ;  
Diamond Plain, and Mosaic Batteries,  
Bee Hives, Sun Pieces, Stars in lance, Palm Trees,  
Diamonds in lance, all in the art, to charm and please,  
See Scrolls and fancy pieces here advance,  
Maltese and other crosses flame in lance,  
And Suns—while the evening stars in millions  
Smiling—add new lustre to Torbillons.  
Like fiery comets—or meteoric flights,  
Lo ! China Flyers, and radiant Bengal lights,  
Roman Candles, Pigeons, many a Floral Shell,  
And other works too long in Rhyme to tell—  
Or else too numerous for the western bard,  
But just look up into the splendid card.



### N. S. DEARBORN.

*Fashionable Card Engraving Establishment, Nos. 224  
SCHOOL STREET, (opposite the Universalist Church,)  
Boston. Marriage, Address, Party and Business  
Cards. Engraved and Printed.*

**DEALER IN** Card, Note and Billet Papers, Envelopes,  
Door Plates, &c.

Would you have your Engraving done complete,  
Go to number twenty-two and a half School street,  
There, like his father, you will find a—*Man*,  
A highly educated artizan ;  
His name, why need the sacred muses tell ?  
You knew his father long ago, full well,  
Who made the modern Athens long his home,  
Whose works will live for centuries yet to come ;  
Beloved by all, his deeds will long adorn,  
The land where lives his son, N. S. Dearborn.

### CAPTAIN GEORGE WALSH, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

“ Most versatile, most wondrous are his powers,  
In Council, in debate, in war, in policy,  
With much that’s good and kindly in him too.”—

[HENRY 2nd.

Your’s is the mind replete with virtues rare,  
In energy you stand without compare,  
Your many triumphs, with a trumpet sound,  
Have rung thro’ years in all the lands around ;  
Could I but make the immortal muses blest  
By praising many like you through the West—  
Then I might wear the laurel and the Bay,  
Crown’d with unfading youth thro’ ‘Heaven’s’ eternal day.

## PRIZE POEM,

*Written at Montreal College, in the 16th year of my age,  
and now reprinted and dedicated to the  
RIGHT REVEREND MANTON EASTBURN,  
BISHOP OF MASSACHUSETTS.*

"By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion."—HEBREW BARD.

By distant Babel's rolling billows  
Sad tears of memory sprung;  
While high upon the bending willows,  
Our country's harps we hung,  
And they who captive led away,  
The prime of Salem's age;  
Demanded of her sons a'lay,  
In weary pilgrimage,  
Shall Judah's harps o'er foreign towers  
Make Zion's echo's rise,  
Or pour the notes of sunnier hours,  
Thro' Babels blushing skies,  
Shall we forget in heathen land,  
Our clime so fair and far;  
No! ere that time make my right hand,  
A living sepulchre.

The above Psalm has been turned into metre by several great Poets of many Christian countries.

## COUNCILLOR HASKELL.

"So DANIEL prospered."—Dan, chap. vi., ver. 28.

Well might the popular voice applaud and prosperous  
breezes fan,  
Who has proved himself thro' every year a perfect gentleman.  
Can others say as much? then let them sigh and sink,  
O'er them let oblivion flow, of Lethe let them drink;  
But HE, the mural diadem shall wear—and TRUTH rejoice  
In him, the animated gem hailed by the public voice,

## ADDRESS TO THE HONORABLE JAMES SPENCER LIDSTONE.

*By my friend, Mrs. MOODIE, authoress of "Roughing it in the Bush," in Canada, wife of the eminent Sheriff Moodie, and sister of the greatest Female Historian that ever lived, Miss AGNES STRICKLAND;—Occasioned by a Satire lately published on that truly amiable, generous and enlightened young man.*

*"He comes! he comes! bid every Bard prepare,  
The song of triumph, and attend his ear."*

*SHEFFIELD, Duke of Buckinghamshire.*

*"Brave and ardent, adventurous and persevering, winging his eagle flight amidst the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a spirit that never tires."—JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.*

Lo! every age and nation of the world,  
Has seen the arrows of the envious hurl'd,  
In darkened clouds black as Egyptian night,  
Eclipsing genius in its brilliant flight.  
Full many a youthful Bard in early bloom,  
With broken heart has filled the untimely tomb,  
Chased by the hell-hound of a cruel host,  
And left posterity to mourn their Poet lost.  
Thousands indeed! let history's rolls attest,  
From Homer to the Minstrel of the West,  
Have felt the blast of persecution, wild,  
Piercing the spirit of each Nature's Child;  
Not Bards alone, but other men renowned,  
In Sciences and Arts—whose names resound  
With thrilling echoes of a thousand years,  
Through all the regions of two hemispheres;  
Even they—full many too have sunk beneath,  
The iron storm, and bow'd their noble heads in death!  
Their gentle spirits were not formed for strife,  
To battle with the darkening ills of life.  
Equal in fame, though not in fate, with those  
In western skies—another ORB arose,  
The most profound attention he commands  
O'er all the interior seas and forest lands.  
A rival to the world's most famous names,  
Our own esteem'd, belov'd, illustrious JAMES;  
His muse burst from th' happier realms above,  
Like great Minerva, from the "brain of Jove."

Mild as a morn in Spring—and calm  
As Zephyr laden with the purest balm.  
Aroused! he emblems out the wild uproar  
Of Jove's own thunders and Numidia's Lion's roar.  
Mildness is past—and pity lives no more!  
Let hostile cowards, sunk in sin and shame,  
Publish their slanderous works without a name;  
Then fly to covert—shivering with distress,  
As oft did Tyros of this country's press.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

In actions noble, and of manners free,  
Known for unbounded generosity;  
None of the human race e'er asked in vain  
Thy aid in money, or a glowing strain.  
No country—age—no color, AND no sect,  
Didst thou for thy benevolence select,  
Thy purse is ever open as thy heart,  
Thy heart as open as thy face, which smiles impart.  
Bright as the sunbeams, that in glory play,  
Equal on all, through all the blessed day:  
Hundreds, dear Bard, thy native worth attest,  
And name thee well, "Great Orator of the West."  
If you but once a right acquaintance own—  
If once your virtues all to us are known—  
You must be loved till we can love no more,  
And with affection every heart runs o'er;  
A dreadful foe! but friends you ne'er betrayed.  
Each day and night, through years, you lent them aid;  
What wonder then the greatest in this land  
Should ever stretch to you the welcome hand;  
Well may they be assured—applaud and smile,  
You ne'er forget them in the day of trial!  
Blessings too from many a lowly bed,  
Form a bright halo round thy darling head;  
Whenever want or sickness yet hath grieved,  
'Twas guardian-angel like by thee relieved:  
Thy name on every list we plainly see,  
Sure sign of thy illustrious pedigree;  
Thy word will pass for more than I might count,  
With many a business man, whate'er the amount.

One of the finest families, too, was thine,  
 That in the rolls of English History shine;  
 Volumns would not suffice to speak their charms,  
 Pre-eminent in Literature, in Arts and Arms!  
 No wrong, fair scion, can to thyself be laid,  
 Thy bills are ever regularly paid.  
 Merchants, Printers, Hotels, and Charioteers,  
 Proclaim thy high integrity through by-gone years.  
 Though much you make, yet still the whole you spend,  
 Your purse is evr open to a friend ;  
 Many poor strangers in the public street,  
 Thou dost with thy donations fondly greet.  
 Then where's the real good man upon this earth  
 That would not cheer and hail thy native worth.  
 A good man, still, will lift on high his voice,  
 And e'er in virtue's sacred cause rejoice,  
 That we have one great Bard amongst us now,  
 Whose song doth like a mighty river flow ;  
 Opposing rubbish, in its torrents thrown,  
 Sinks beneath an empire—all his own;  
 Live long, sweet Bard, to satirize the vile;  
 Strengthen the weak, make Virtue's cause to smile:  
 Legions of friends and patrons round you throng,  
 Who will for aye uphold the Child of song:  
 Who honor, love, respect in every truth,  
 Thy energy—and enterprising youth.  
 Be still undaunted—though the floods of Hell,  
 Should o'er these lands in fiery tumult swell,;  
 Lift up your head, above the earth, in flames,  
 And be the world's great Orator, illustrious JAMES!

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—In the above Poem, I have to the best of my ability portrayed the character of one of the finest hearted, and certainly the most distinguished young man in Western Canada. I have sent it to the Press without showing it to the Orator himself, who may no doubt find many errors in it. When speaking lately, with some newly elected members of the City Council, concerning the slanderous document issued against the Orator, he happened to be present, and exclaimed in his natural good natured and philosophical way, "It will not injure me with my friends, and my foes I don't care a —— for."

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 Which adds more grace and does the form adorn  
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 Was e'er attempted in the TORTOISE SHELL.

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PINDAR, Hayne's Edition, Leipzig, 1817.

Shall not the bard in his transcendent lay,  
 Transmit his name to every distant day ;  
 Who did, and I proclaim the truthful tale,  
 Descend from the wide world renown'd, *Judge Hale*.  
 And list to what the western minstrel tells—  
 He manufactures, and he buys and sells.  
 The vast extent—the power he can command,  
 Bespeaks him prime manufacturer of the land,  
 Not in the Olympian ages, far renowned,  
 When victors were by fadeless myrtles crowned ;  
 When Pythian, Nemeian, and the Isthmian games,  
 Conspired to set the classic lands in flames ;  
 When Delphi's hosts, and bold Arcadians rode,  
 And every Argive was a radiant God,  
 Could they o'er Arts of modern times prevail,  
 Or take with strength and pomp the palm from Mr. Hale.

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Bleak North and golden East, 'Excelsior,' is their crest.  
New York no more shall bear the palm away—  
Our blaze of glory, like the rising day,  
Far o'er the Eastern States and isles afar,  
Shall roll in splendor like Aurora's car—  
While intellect's bright beams in radiance sent,  
With everlasting fame and fortune blent,  
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To the namesake here of *Memory's* Bard,  
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His fame, far o'er th' United States has spread.  
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Theatre.*

His brow shall be by muses crowned,  
Through each succeeding year,  
*Sole Lessee* so far renowned,  
The EMINENT AUCTIONEER.

I have written a grand historical poem, for this gentleman, on the Drama, which will appear in the next edition.

## M R. R O G E R S ,

## THE EMINENT ARCHITECT.

" Thus poets tell by Orpheus' lays inspired,  
Tygers grew mild, and silently admired,  
Thus walls and towers around Amphion throng,  
And stately Thebes was built by magic."

EDWARD LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR THURLOW.

" Si quæris monumentum, circumspice."

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

" Hail Architecture, &c."

JAMES THOMSON's " *Liberty.*"

He bade Athenee's primest towers arise,  
In regal splendor to the western skies ;  
He caused her halls with sculptured pomp to glow.  
And taught the other builders all they know.  
When rolling ages shall have passed away  
And Sol shall rise upon a distant day,  
Some future generation then shall say,  
Behold these turrets wrapt' in orient flame !  
Radiant with grandeur ! eloquent with fame !  
See Mansions, Halls, Exchange's, all erect,  
Stand monuments to their superior architect.  
We place him high amidst the brilliant throng,  
Whom nations honor'd and whom bards have sung,  
And with whose fame the earth and ocean rung.

## IMPORTANT.

It was my intention, at first, to publish a Poem on the rise and progress of Boston, only; together with a description of its principal establishments; but the Business Cards were hurried in so fast, that I finally concluded to publish a complete Business Poem, for the modern Athens. The first ever published in the world. It will be seen that it contains the best names in America — that were seldom equalled — certainly never excelled, in any age of the world.

The second edition will be published in an enlarged form, immediately after new year's day, 1853. All the names in the present will appear in the future Poem; and now let me say a word to my patrons. If I have found favor in your eyes, I ask you to send me in the Cards of your friends without delay. They shall appear on the same principle as your own. *First come, first served.*

I intend to write an Epic Poem for the Arts and Sciences, to be published at the time of the New York Exhibition, and I desire to enter into engagements with some respectable Engraving and Publishing house, in order to have it splendidly illustrated. A poem of this kind will better agree with the enlightenment and progress of the age in which we live, than one written on some bloody old hero, whose passport to fame happened thro' fire and ruin;

A small part of this elegant book will be reserved for Poetical Advertisements; a rare chance occurs now, such as never happened before, either in the New or Old World, to spirited merchants, manufacturers and professional men aspiring to eminence.

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## RE-ELECTION OF MAYOR SEAVER.

# A Prophetic Ode,

*Written by the Hon. Jas. Torrington Spencer Lidstone.*

Published at the Opening of the Polls.

"In vain the steepy hill opposed my way,  
In vain the war of spears sung  
        —round my head  
And planted all my shield—  
I won the rampart, and I gained the trenches,  
While their foremost men lag'd on the plain below."

JOHN DRYDEN.

He is the pride of public life—of private life the charm,  
His liberal and his noble heart in friendship ever warm—  
The might of virtuous eloquence shall consecrate his name  
Foremost upon the banner rolls of everlasting fame,  
He stood a rock amidst a sea of fire in ages gone,  
He was your Mayor the year before the best—*the only one*,  
Although he reared no pondrous piles to give himself a  
NAME,—

When granite towers fall down to dust he'll live in death-  
less fame,  
The Muse shall long his praise prolong—  
You may well believe her—  
No fanatic dare oppose the power of our Mayor Seaver.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
Not Homer's awful might nor Pindar's burning lyre,  
So much my soul delight so much my soul inspire,  
As your beloved form advancing on from victory  
Wherelike an angel in the storm you made th' lightning's  
fly,  
Transcendent honours wait on you full blown in blossom  
they shall flower,  
While we have MEN with hearts so true to hold the reins  
of power,  
As sunbeams thro' the gates of MORN light all the worlds  
on high,  
So Boston's annals you'll adorn to late posterity.